12

A LETTER TO A MEMBER of PARLIAMENT In the *NORTH*.

A

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LETTER

TO A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

In the *NORTH*:

CONTAINING

REMARKS on the Advertisement mentioned in the *Craftsman* of *Saturday, November* 8. about a *Memorandum Book* that was taken up near *Arlington-Street*.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lord *TOWNLY*.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Walker*, at the *White-Hart*, without *Temple-Bar*; and sold by all Booksellers and Pamphlet-sellers. Price 6*d*.

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TO A

Member of PARLIAMENT

IN THE

COUNTRY:

BRITISH MUSEUM

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the
Lord TOWNLEY.

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To the Right Honourable the

LORD *TOWNLY.*

MY LORD,

A Friend of mine, who had accidentally the Peruſal of the following Piece, in Manuſcript, having prevail'd with me to print the ſame; I ſhould have been at a Loſs for a Patron, had I not luckily been inform'd of your Lordſhip's being come home from your Travels, ve-

ry much disgusted, and out of Humour, as I understand, with your fellow Traveller.

Lord *Townly* is reckon'd to be one of the best Characters in the *Provok'd Husband*; tho', in my Opinion, as *Vanbrugh* had mix'd too much Levity with Lady *Townly*'s Wit; so *Cibber*, I think, has overcharg'd Lord *Townly*'s Gravity, with the opposite Extreme. But now, we hear, my Lord, you are to act your Tip Top Part, in a new Drama, actually in Rehearsal, intituled the *Provok'd Brother*; which is not to be represented

in *Drury-Lane*, the *Hay-market*, *Lincoln's-Inn* or *Goodman's-Fields*, but on a proper Stage in *Weſtminſter*. Well, the Town will be finely diverted this Seaſon; for, beſides four or five Theatres, there is *Tony* (*Aſton*) likewiſe, returned from *Scotland*, ſafe from Danger of a black Spiritual Army, that was drawing up in Battel Array againſt him. *Tony*, as the News-Writers inform us, will ſhew away on *Sunday*, the Audience thronging to other publick Places, on the Week-days; which, however, I cannot believe; for, ſure, our ſober Citizens

Citizens are too good Chriſtians, to follow the Roman-Catholick Doctrine, of ſporting on *Sundays*. Archbiſhop *Laud*, indeed, fell in with them; but that coſt him, and his Maſter dear; beſides, *Tony*'s Shew I have ſeen, and 'tis but a dull and dry Diverſion; there is not ſo much as an Orange to be had.

FARCES, indeed, and Shews, are pretty much reliſh'd at preſent; but for my Liking, my Lord, give me the *Avare* of *Moliere*: I have ſeen it acted in *French*, in *Dutch*, in *Engliſh*, and lately in *High-German*

German too; the Audience was always crouded, and almoſt burſting with Laughter. I confeſs, in the following Letter, I have handled this Subject ſomething more roughly. For tho' 'tis true, what *Horace* ſays (I do not exactly remember the Metre, and have no Book at hand) that, *Ridiculum acri melius, fortiuſque magnas plerumq; ſecat res;* and what *Perſius* and *Juvenal* ſays of *Horace*; *Omne vafer vitium Flaccus ridenti tangit amico, & admiſſus circum præcordia tulit.* Yet, my Lord, where a Man is dully inſenſible of tickling Satire; *Horace* himſelf would

have Apoſtrophed him, and named him downright by his own Name, *Quis Bavium non odit?*

THE *Craftſman* of *Saturday*, *Nov.* 8. has begun to try the firſt Method, in that Advertiſement, whereof the following Letter is the Paraphraſe; but he'll ſoon find the Inefficacy of the Experiment; and raiſe his Voice into Declamatory *Philippicks*. I am glad this Author has left the ſtale Topick of the Squabbles betwixt *Will Pout* and *Bob Wall*; he grew tedious, and the Publick grew tired.

MY

My Lord, I think it is high Time for you to ſhake Hands with *Caleb Danvers W. Raleigh* and *John Trot.* The *Paſt Proſpect* of a future Peace is once more become preſent, ſince our Signing with *Spain*, of which I heartily, and ſincerely give you Joy. Let us now turn our Thoughts to quieting Things at home, to reform Vice and Immorality. The Vice I complain of is *Avarice*, and the Immortality is *Hardheartedneſs.* Theſe are the reigning Crimes of our Age and Country; but did never before rage to ſuch a De-

gree in one Soul (if he can be ſaid to have a Soul who has no Bowels) as they do in the Alderman, who is the Object of *Caleb*'s and my own Wit.

I have made it out in the following Letter from Reaſon and Scripture, or Quotations, that no Man is ſafe in the Ward where he lives, as long as he is ſuffered to hoard up ſo much Money every Year. I know the Time muſt come (but God only knows when) that this *Midas* will *repent* his turning every Thing into Gold. But, like the Aſs in *Homer* (whoſe Head he wears

wears) he'll bear a good Drubbing, before he leaves the Corn-Field. Writing and Speeches won't do; *Pungant dum Saturent.* Nor will he be lulled; but (like a Town-Top as he is) muſt be laſhed a-ſleep. For even when he goes to Reſt (which, beſides the Night, he does every Day immediately after Change-Time) he ſleeps with his Eyes ſtill open; they roll, and his Thoughts run perpetually over his Coffers.

My Lord, I find my Dedicatory Epiſtle ſwell under my Hand, as much as the following

lowing Letter did, when I wrote to my Friend. I don't know the Art of Panegyricks; nay, I have already told you that *Cibber* has drawn your Character, not altogether without Faults: But (to quote *Horace* once more) *Nemo ſine crimine vivit*; *optimus ille qui minimis premitur*. And I ought not, however, to refuſe you that Juſtice, which the Audience has awlays paid you; the *Provok'd Husband* has been ſo often acted, that I believe moſt of the good People of *England* have ſeen it. They ſay, my Lord, that on, or off the Stage, you are certainly,

an

an Honeſt, Senſible, Beneficent and Induſtrious Man: 'Tis incumbent on you to act your Part, in the New Play, ſo well as to deſerve our future Applauſe. I ſhall clap with the reſt, and am, with great Reſpect and true Eſteem,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient humble Servant,

Tom Tell-Truth.

A

LETTER

TO A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT.

SIR,

YOU complain'd in your last of my having neglected to send you the *Craftsman* of *Saturday*, *Nov.* 8, wherein you are inform'd, there was an Advertisement, concerning a lost *Memorandum* Book. I can assure you, Sir, that I inclosed this Paper in my Letter of *Nov.* 11; and if it did not come to your Hands, it must have been taken out, some-

where, between my Houſe in *London*, and yours at *Edinburgh*. This has happen'd before now, to the *Craftsman*, in Letters that went no farther than ten Miles off, not to mention the ſtrict Orders given to the Clerks, in the ſeveral Offices, for not ſending that Paper into the Country, themſelves: Leſt, therefore, the ſame Accident happen again; and ſince you ſeem moſt deſirous of reading the Advertiſement, I have tranſcribed it here, without ſending the *Craftsman*.

" TAKEN up near *Arlington-*
" *ſtreet*, a ſmall *Memorandum*
" Book (ſuppoſed to be loſt by a
" Gentleman, who is packing up
" his Awls) conſiſting of ſeveral Ar-
" ticles, particularly the following
" ones: Settled on my Eldeſt Son,
" upon his Marriage, 7000 *l. per*
" *Annum*.

" *Annum. Item*, Expended on my
" Houſe in *N*—, and in Pictures,
" 150,000 *l. Item*, on Plate and
" Jewels, very proper for Conceal-
" ment, in caſe of an Im——t,
" 160,000 *l. Item*, in Houſe-keep-
" ing, Horſe-keeping, and Hound-
" keeping, for ſix Years paſt, at a
" moderate Computation 150,000
" Pounds. *Item*, remitted at ſeve-
" ral Times, within theſe twelve
" Months laſt paſt, to the Bank
" of *Amſterdam*, *Venice* and *Ge*
" *noa*, 400,000 *l.* with many o-
" ther Particulars, too tedious here
" to relate. If the Gentleman who
" loſt it, will pleaſe to apply him-
" ſelf to *Caleb Danvers*, of *Gray's-*
" *Inn*, Eſq; the ſaid *Memorandum*
" Book ſhall be reſtored *Gratis*."

I believe, Sir, you will want no Commentaries or Notes upon this Piece; tho' I can assure you, a great many, here, have mistaken the Sense and guessed at the wrong Person. *Caleb*, to lye the better conceal'd, and to puzzle his Readers, has put *Items* together, which carry a seeming Contradiction; yet may be much easier reconciled, than some of the Political Dissertations in the *British* Journal, or Censor.

Considering the daily, and, but too well grounded Complaint upon *Change*, that there is no Circulation of Money, and that all the Cash lies in a very few Hands: I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not above two or three Bankers, who can save, gain and remit abroad, 400,000 *l.* in a Twelve-month.

THERE is a Scrivener (a Friend of ours) of whom it has been currently reported, you know, that upon ballancing his Accounts and Expences, for the laſt two Years, he has found himſelf a Gainer, each Year, of 400,000 *l.* Now, as *Caleb* fixes exactly upon that Sum, there remains no doubt with me, but that he points at the ſame Man, tho' he may be miſtaken as to the Places of the Remittance of the Money; which, inſtead of going to the Banks of *Amſterdam*, *Venice* or *Genoa*, might be ſent over for Payment of the *Heſſian Troops*.

THE *Item*, for laying out, "On "Plate and Jewels, very proper "for Concealment, in Caſe of an "Im——t, 160,000 l." expreſſes a Fore-

a Foreſight adapted to the Capacity of our Alderman *Grey-Gooſe*.

But then I ſhould have been at a loſs how to explain the other *Items*, had I not ſoon found out that they muſt be underſtood ironically. Take them in that Senſe, and they make a finiſh'd Picture of our Miſer. For Example:

" *Item*, ſettled upon my Eldeſt " Son, upon his Marriage, 7000 *l.* " *per Annum*". Now, does not our Scrivener keep his Eldeſt Son out of an Eſtate of 7000 *l. per Annum*? Again:

" *Item*, Expended in Pictures " 150,000 *l.*" Whereas this Fellow has ſo little Taſte for the Liberal Arts, that, I am ſure, he can't diſtinguiſh between the *Titian* Stroke, and

and the painful, Plaſtic, Pencil of *Denner*, the *Hambro'* Painter, who ſhew'd about the Old Woman's Head, ſo laborioufly finiſh'd, that you could ſee not only every Pimple in her Face, but every Pore in her Skin. To proceed :

" *Item*, in Houſe keeping, Horſe-" keeping and Hound-keeping, for " ſix Years paſt, at a moderate " Computation, 150,000 *l.*" This is bantering with a Witneſs. Do you think, Sir, that Mr. *Danvers*, who lives ſo ſplendidly both in Town and Country, will find fault with his Neighbour's Hoſpitality ? Do but apply this to our Alderman (in an Ironical Senſe) and ſee, how like is the Picture !

For, as to his House-keeping, is not he become the Jest of the Town, for his ridiculous Endeavours to save upon every one, the most minutest Article of it? For reducing his Milk-score, and quarrelling and scolding about too much Oyl that was burned in his Lamps. As for Horse and Hound-keeping, every one in Town and Country knows that he can't sit on Horse-back, without being supported by a pair of Jack-Boots.

Thus you see, Sir, that without any Strain, in the least; leaving some *Items* to their Natural, and construing others into the Ironical Sense (which is a very obvious Figure) *Caleb*'s Advertisement was most certainly levell'd at our Scrivener;

Scrivener; who, far from having any Leisure for Gentleman-like Recreations, or a Soul large enough for Hospitality, makes *Figures* his sole Occupation and Delight, and is only bent upon scraping and saving; of which last I'll give you one more Instance, which is, that having reduc'd the Number of his Domesticks, He (like a *Petty-Fogger Attorney*, as He is) now makes his Clerk and Accomptant brush his Robes, Gowns, and Cloths.

As Mr. *Danvers* has all along appear'd a true Lover of his Country, I am apt to believe, that he had a View above Satire in his Advertisement; and that we shall soon be entertain'd by him, with a Dissertation upon the Mischiefs

that may attend any Miſer's hoarding up 400,000 *l.* a Year.

For my own Part, I have always hated, deſpiſed, and yet feared a Miſer. What may a Man not do, who can command all, or moſt of the Money in the Kingdom? And that muſt ſoon be the Caſe, if one Man can ſave 400,000 *l.* in a Twelvemonth.

I cannot leave this Subject, without giving you the Character of a Miſer, and the dreadful Effects of his Temper, in the Words of the ingenious and philoſophical Authors of *The Univerſal Spectator*, a Weekly Paper, which profeſſes never to meddle with Politicks, or Religious Diſputes

putes; 'tis that of *Saturday, May* 31, 1729. The Motto is.

— *Quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis,*

Auri Sacra Fames!

" Where the Love of Money " has once taken Poſſeſſion of the " Heart, there is no Beaſt ſo cruel " as Man. They ſeek their Prey " to ſatisfy their Hunger, which " may be appeas'd; but the Ava- " ricious can never be ſatisfy'd; and " none eſcape him, with whom he " is able to cope. Covetouſneſs " baniſhes, not only every Virtue, " but even Humanity it ſelf; and, " changing Nature, the Groans of " the Oppreſſed become Muſick, " and the Miſeries of Mankind, a " grateful and delighting Specta-

" cle,

" cle. What Miſeries has not this
" Vice brought upon whole Na-
" tions? How many have been
" made deſolate by Avarice? There
" is ſcarce a Crime, which does
" not take its Riſe from the *Au-*
" *ri Sacra Fames.* There is no-
" thing the Avaricious will ſtop
" at: Murder, Treaſon, Sacrilege,
" are puny Crimes. Where a
" Man is once enſlaved by the
" Love of Money, he never asks
" what's Juſt, but what's Lucra-
" tive; not what's reaſonable, but
" what makes for his Intereſt.
" Did the Life of a *Son* ſtand in
" the Way of ſuch a Man's Gain,
" he would think it no Crime to
" remove him."

How frightful, and how finiſh-
ed a Picture is this of our Miſer!
I cannot but think, theſe Au-
thors,

thors, and Mr. *Danvers* had the ſame Man in their Eye. One Quotation more, and I have done; 'tis out of our Countryman Biſhop *Burnet*'s *Hiſtory of his Own Times*, page 264. where, ſpeaking of King *Charles* the Second, and the Earl of *Dorſet*'s Opinion concerning him, he ſays:

" He, (the Earl of *Dorſet*) was " a generous good-natur'd Man: " He hated the Court, and de- " ſpiſed the King (*Charles* the " Second) when he ſaw, he was " neither Generous, nor tender- " hearted."

I heartily wiſh, Sir, for your ſafe Arrival in Town, that you may attend the Houſe for the Service of your Country; and, if

if a Law for preventing too large Poſſeſſions, in the Hands of a Miſer, ſhall be thought requiſite, that you may have the Honour to propoſe it.

London, Nov. 30. 1729.

I am, &c.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM S NO71

ADVERTISEMENT.

Next Week will be publiſh'd, written (by the ſame Author) in the Henleyan *Stile,*

AN Oration, upon the following Heads; a Gawze and a Gooſe-Head; Gawze and Grey Lace charmingly becoming to ſweaty Faces, and ſallow Complexions; Advice to ſweaty Faces, to keep their Hands, as well as Bodies ſweet and clean; the latter, by Lathers, Waſhes, and ſhifting five Times a Day; the former, by not dipping too deep in dirty Work: The particular uſe of Gawze, infinitely preferable to Net-Work, for making of Purſes; and to coarſe Cloth or Leather, for lining of Trunks and Strong-boxes, by reaſon of its peculiar ſaving Virtue and admirable retentive Faculty. The Intereſt of Money, tho' but 3 *per Cent*, laid out in Gawze goes farther, towards the Year's End, than an hundred Pound Capital, laid out in a better Commodity: However Gawze will prove at laſt but a thin Diſguiſe, becauſe eaſily ſeen through: With many other Particulars.